

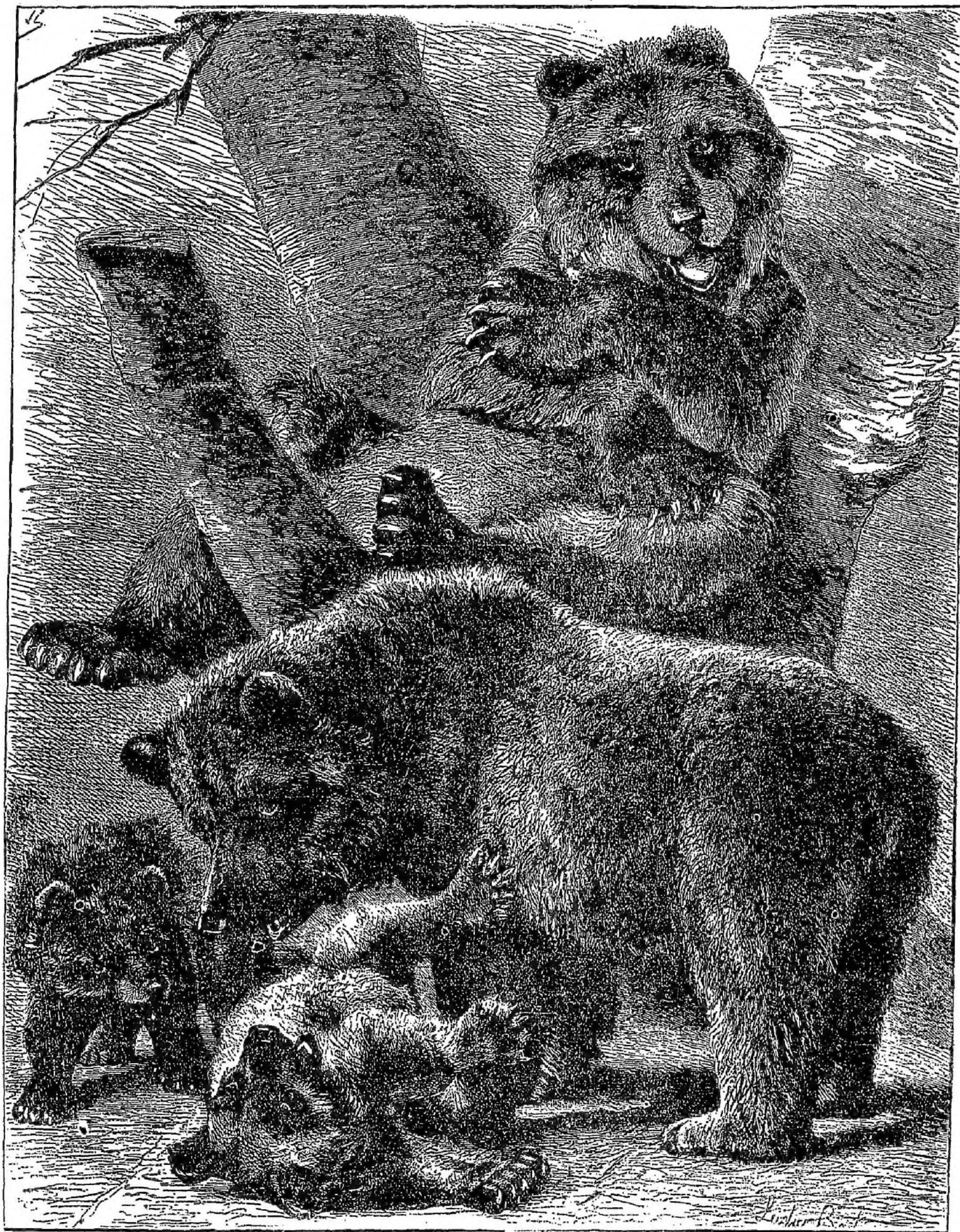
NORTHERN MESSENGER

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A FAMILY OF BEARS. From a painting by Ludwig Beckmann.

1888
REV M Poyer
GALLION QUE
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BEARS.

Our illustration is taken from a painting by the distinguished German artist Ludwig Beckmann, who was born in Hanover in 1822. He was brought up to the trade of a waggon-maker, in which craft he acquired great reputation. After he became a painter he was often invited to join the hunting parties of the noblemen, and in watching the habits of the bears in the woods while engaged in hunting the idea of sketching their family life came to him, and this celebrated painting was the result. The group that sat for their portraits he found in the Zoological Gardens of Cologne. A mere glance at the picture shows how accurately the artist has reproduced the attitudes, expression, and general demeanor of the family. One can almost hear the maternal reprimand that Madame Bruin is administering to her pugnacious cubs.

The study of natural history is more attended to in Europe than in this country, and the extensive and excellent zoological gardens in many of the capitals encourage the study. In the zoological gardens of London, for instance, there are gathered many varieties of the bear family, from those of the woods of the tropics to the natives of the regions of the frozen north, and each is made to feel at home in his new surroundings. So in Antwerp, Berlin, Paris, and other cities of the Continent the attractive collections of wild animals not only minister to the entertainment, but to the profitable instruction of the spectators.

But it is in Berne, the capital of Switzerland, that the bear holds the highest rank. He has given his name to the city: he appears on its armorial bearing; he surmounts the fountains in the public squares; he strikes the hour on its famous clock, and in procession pays a marching salute to a crowned and sceptred comrade; his effigy, in innumerable forms, is in all the shop windows; and he is an endless centre of entertainment at the Barengarten, or bear's ditch, where he and his companions are maintained at the public expense. Berne without its bears would not only be a misnomer, but would be shorn of its distinctive attraction.

Our own country is the home of many varieties of the family, and there are few persons who have not had the opportunity of looking upon specimens of the black, brown, cinnamon, and grizzly bears in their menagerie cages; while there are not a few who in their vacation rambles in the mountains have heard thrilling tales of their visits to the farmhouses or the sheepfolds, and have perhaps experienced a shiver of dread when making their way through the woods for fear of encountering their unwelcome presence. Even in the Catskills, bears are still plenty, and famous bear-hunters are living there who have gained name and fame for their daring exploits. In frequent visits to the Catskills have we seen the trophies of these brave hunters, and we shall not soon forget the share we had in helping to tote down the mountain two growling, glossy cubs of five or six months that had been trapped by a veteran hunter.

But advancing civilization has driven these natives of the forest primeval to the far West. A recent correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record* from Montana says that 912 bears were killed there last year, costing the Territory \$7,266 in bounties of \$8 each. He says: "The eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains—that is, the foothill reaching down into Montana and near the Yellowstone National Park—is the natural home of the American bear. Here are to be found nearly every species of the animal on the North American Continent save the polar or white bear. The fierce grizzly, which makes his home near the perpetual snow-line; the dangerous silver-tip, which would eat a man as quick as wink; the ugly-natured black, the ravenously brown bear, and the huge cinnamon bear that inhabits the plains and coulees of the cattle ranges, feasting upon cows, calves, and fat steers—all these are to be found in almost unlimited numbers, winter and summer alike, in the localities I have mentioned."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

FIFTY YEARS AGO it was a capital offence for a Chinese to be a Christian; now you can preach the gospel there with more liberty than in any place in Europe.

A LITTLE TALK ABOUT THE LIBRARY.

Yes, of course, the last time your library was put in order, you had the best committee your Sabbath school could find. They spent several months consulting with other library committees, procuring catalogues of other schools, reading, and selecting new books, looking over the old ones, and rejecting those considered undesirable, until finally everybody pronounced the library perfect.

Perhaps it is, but it is very easy for books that ought not to be there to get into a library. Books are selected, carefully examined and read by two or more persons. Their decision is discussed and voted upon by the entire committee before the books are accepted. Their work is really done conscientiously. Yet something more is necessary to insure complete safety in books.

How many teachers in our Sabbath schools know what their scholars are reading? How many know, even, what books are in the library? How many know and remember that in some families there is no reading matter except that taken from the Sabbath school? How many know the objects of this reading on their scholars?

The same book is not alike suitable to every boy and girl in your class. Like one typographical error in a printed article, which changes its entire meaning, so one book, though in itself of a high order, may, through the connection in which it is read, have a pernicious influence upon the reader.

With a little planning and thought a teacher can, during the week, organize his class into a reading circle. It may be very informal, and the meetings need not be burdensome to any one, but through this medium the teacher will be able to direct the intellectual powers of his class. He can make history and biography and travel interesting to them, though at the same time making all these things subservient to the great truths he wishes to teach from God's Word. The life of a great man or noble woman, if read intelligently, may perchance turn the entire course of a child's future life.

A girl of fourteen, who once lived among the hills of Vermont, found somewhere a biography of Mary Lyon. From reading this she was inspired to endure hardships, and through many difficulties made her way to Mt. Holyoke seminary. Do not let your boys and girls select books to read without your guidance. If you do not find there the books needed by your class report this to your committee. They will be rejoiced to receive suggestions springing from real needs.

Next to the teaching of the Scriptures there is no greater work than training the intellects of growing boys and girls to appreciate and love a pure and instructive class of literature.—*Mary Louise Butler, in Westminster Teacher*.

ONE HOUR.

The great clock in the church steeple struck three; the afternoon sun slowly waned, and the shadows lengthened in the streets. The clock struck four.

It was only an hour. The children playing on the sidewalk did not know that it had gone; but in it a great-hearted man had written down some strong, true words, which will live long in the world, and give courage and help to many struggling souls.

In it a chemist, working with brain and hand over carefully prepared compounds, had discovered one of the secrets of nature—how the atoms of elements group themselves to form a molecule of organic matter.

In it four women sitting with their sewing on yonder porch, had brought out old, forgotten scandals, and set them loose again in the world, like flying scorpions, to poison and to kill.

In that hour a young man in the next house to them has yielded to a temptation which never will lose its grip on him while he lives.

In the same time a woman with a child on her lap tells him a story with a high, pure meaning, which will be a "lamp to his feet" all the days of his life.

Another woman, watching silent and motionless by a sick bed, fills the hour with prayers and high thoughts, that will

serve as food for her soul in the trouble which is coming to her.

How many of us remembered that the hour was passing—a servant, laden with the report which we should give to it—up to God?

What report did it carry of us? What burden are we making ready at this moment for the hour that is passing now?

"Only an hour! Yet the despised slave," says Antigonus, "may be laden with treasure that would ransom a Caesar."—*Youth's Companion*.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 5.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.—Matt. 17: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 4, 5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And there came a voice out of the cloud, saying, This is my beloved son; hear him.—Luke 9: 35.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The glorious nature of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 17: 1-13.

T. Mark 9: 2-13.

W. Luke 9: 23-36.

Th. 2 Pet. 1: 1-10.

F. Dan. 7: 9-16.

Sa. John 1: 1-14.

Su. Mal. 4: 1-5.

PLACE.—Probably Mount Hermon, near Caesarea Philippi.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 9: 2-13. Luke 9: 28-36.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. After six days: Luke says, about eight days. He counts the two parts of days at each extreme, and says, about, because it was six whole and two parts of days. Peter, James and John; the three disciples most advanced in the knowledge of Jesus and his kingdom. Apart: from the other disciples. 2. Transfigured: changed in appearance, in form. The heavenly glory of his nature, which was still concealed under his earthly appearance, now broke forth. The fashion of his countenance was altered (Luke) by being lighted with radiance both from without and from within. Luke says he went up into the mountain to pray. The transfiguration was God's answer to his prayer. And his raiment (plural his garments) white as the light: Mark says, shining, exceeding white as snow. 3. Moses: the giver of the law, and the founder of the old dispensation which was soon to blossom out into the new. Elias: Greek for Elijah, the representative of the prophets and the forerunner of Christ. Talking with him: the subject of their conversation is given in Luke 9: 31. It was of the deceased (exodus, departure, referring to his death and ascension) which he should accomplish at Jerusalem. This was the great event of the world's history: this was the real founding of the kingdom of God; this was the culmination of the salvation brought by the Messiah, and foretold by the prophets; this was the great act to which all the sacrifices appointed by Moses looked forward, and which gave them meaning and value. 4. Then answered Peter: in a bewildered way (Mark 9: 6). Three tabernacles: booths, of the bushes that grew on the mount. It seemed to him that the hour for the long-looked-for reign had come. From the slopes of Hermon he would have had the laws of a new kingdom proclaimed, so that all men might recognize the true Messiah attended by the representatives of the old dispensation. 5. A bright cloud: like the shekinah in the wilderness. The brightest cloud veils and shadows the glory of God's nature. A voice out of the cloud: their faith was now confirmed by the testimony of God's own voice. 6. Tell the vision: the sight, the spectacle, to no man tell. It would not be understood till after his death and resurrection. 10. Elias (Elijah) must first come: from Mal. 4: 5, 6. They expected Elijah. But if Elijah was first to come, how could Jesus be the Messiah, when he had not yet come? Or if this appearance was his coming, how could they preach that Jesus was the Messiah and not tell men that they had seen Elijah who had come? Jesus explains that John had come in the spirit and power of Elijah (Luke 1: 17).

SUBJECT: THE GLORY OF CHRIST REVEALED.

QUESTIONS.

I. TO WHOM THE GLORY WAS REVEALED (v. 1). Where did Jesus go from Caesarea Philippi? What mountain was this? Whom did he take with him? Apart from whom? On what other occasion were these three specially chosen? (Mark 5: 37, 38; Matt. 26: 37.) Why did these three have more privileges than the other disciples? (Matt. 13: 12-13.) How can we have the best things in the Gospel? (Matt. 23: 21.)

II. THE VISION OF CHRIST'S GLORY (v. 2). What took place upon the mountain? Meaning of transfigured? Why did Jesus go up into the mountain? (Luke 9: 28.) What was he doing when he was transfigured? Was it an answer to prayer? What was Jesus' appearance when transfigured? (Matt. 17: 2; Luke 9: 29.) What else do we learn about Christ's glory? (Rev. 1: 13-16; Dan. 7: 9.) Did this show the true nature of Jesus? (John 1: 14.) Is he as glorious now? Why do you love to think of Jesus as so glorious and powerful?

III. HEAVENLY VISITANTS CONFIRM THE GLORY (vs. 3, 4). Who appeared with Jesus? What was their peculiar about the deaths of these two? (Deut. 34: 6; Jude 9; 2 Kings 2: 11.) Did this have anything to do with their appearance here? (1 Cor. 15: 42-50.) What would Moses represent? Whom would Elijah represent? What did they talk together about? (Luke 9: 31.) How did the law point to the crucifixion of Jesus? (Heb. 10: 10-12.) What did the prophets foretell of it? (Isa. 53: 1-9; Dan. 7: 9, 10, 26, 27.) Why was this the topic of their conversation? What proposal did Peter make? What for?

IV. THE TESTIMONY OF GOD TO JESUS (vs. 5-8). What now enveloped them? Of what was this the symbol? (Exod. 40: 34-35.) What voice came

from God? On what two other occasions were the same words uttered? (Matt. 3: 17; John 12: 28.) How would all this comfort the disciples after what Jesus had told them of his sufferings? How would it strengthen their faith in Jesus in the trials yet to come?

V. EXPLANATIONS (vs. 9-13).—What did the disciples want explained? Who was Elias? What did they expect him to do? (Mal. 4: 5, 6.) How did Christ explain this prophecy to them? Show how John the Baptist fulfilled the prophecy. (Luke 1: 17.)

LESSON VII.—FEBRUARY 12.

JESUS AND THE LITTLE ONES.—Matt. 18: 1-14.

COMMIT VERSES 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.—Matt. 19: 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

We should seek, by a childlike spirit, to enter the kingdom of heaven, and to bring all others with us.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Matt. 18: 1-14.

T. Mark 9: 33-50.

W. Luke 9: 46-50.

Th. Mark 10: 13-16.

F. 1 Cor. 13: 1-13.

Sa. John 19: 1-17.

Su. Luke 15: 1-10.

PLACE.—Capernaum, a town by the Sea of Galilee.

PARALLEL ACCOUNTS.—Mark 9: 23-30; Luke 9: 46-50; vs. 11-14 have a parallel in Luke 15: 3-7.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. At the same time: that Peter went to the sea, found a piece of money in a fish's mouth and paid the temple tribute (Matt. 17: 21-27). The disciples came unto Jesus: in the house (Mark 9: 33). According to Mark, Jesus first asked some of them what they were discussing by the way. They were ashamed, and kept silence. Then some others of the disciples asked the question in Matt. In the kingdom of heaven: they expected Jesus soon to set up. 2. Be converted: turn from your pride and self-seeking. Become as little children: not sinless, but having the characteristics which belong to childhood—humility, trust, obedience, love, unambitious feelings. 6. Offend: cause to stumble, lead into sin. 7. Woe: the very depth of depravity is to tempt the young and innocent to sin. 8. Hand or foot: representing the things most precious and useful to us. 9. Hell fire: the hell or Gehenna of fire. Gehenna, the valley of Hinnom, south of Jerusalem, was the place where the refuse of the city and dead bodies were burned. Thus it became a type of the terrible punishment of sin. 10. Their angels: their guardian angels (Heb. 1: 14). Behold the face: stand nearest the throne, are the chief among the angels.

SUBJECT: ENTERING THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

QUESTIONS.

I. THEY ENTER WHO HAVE THE CHILDLIKE SPIRIT (vs. 1-5). What discussion had arisen on the way to Capernaum? (Mark 9: 31.) What could have given rise to such a dispute (Matt. 18: 18, 19; 17: 1; see also 20: 20-24)? What evils grow out of selfish ambition? What question did Jesus ask the disciples? (Mark 9: 34.) What did they ask Jesus? (v. 1.) What was Jesus' answer? (Mark 9: 35; see also Matt. 20: 26, 27.) How did he illustrate his teaching? What is it to become as little children? Why can no others enter the kingdom of heaven? Who is greatest in that kingdom? Why? Explain v. 5.

II. HINDER OTHERS FROM ENTERING THE KINGDOM (vs. 6, 7).—What question did John ask at this point? (Mark 9: 33-34.) Who are meant by "these little ones"? What is it to offend them? In what ways do men now tempt such to sin? What does Jesus say of this crime? Why is it so deadly?

III. PUTTING AWAY THAT WHICH HINDERS US (vs. 8, 9).—What is meant by the hand and the foot offending us? What by cutting them off? What are some of the things which lead us into sin? What reason is given for cutting them off? What is meant by hell fire? Is it love or cruelty that warns us of our danger?

IV. CHILDREN AND THE KINGDOM (v. 10).—What warning is given in this verse? Who are the little ones? Who are meant by their angels? (Heb. 1: 14.) What by their "beholding the face of my Father"? What does this show of God's care for children? What was Jesus' feeling toward children? (Mark 9: 36; Matt. 10: 13-15.) Should the church take peculiar care of the children? Is it a mark of the true church that it looks out most for the poor, the weak, the unnoticed?

V. WHAT GOD DOES TO BRING MEN INTO THE KINGDOM (vs. 11-14).—Whom did Jesus come to save? In what sense are men lost? By what parable did Jesus illustrate this truth? (See also Luke 15: 3-7.) Read the hymn "The Ninety and Nine." Why was there joy when one was found? What is said of this joy in Luke 15: 7, 10? How does God show his desire that we should all be saved? (v. 14; John, 3: 16.) What should this teach us and lead us to do.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(First Quarter, 1888.)

- Jan. 1.—Herod and John the Baptist.—Matt. 14: 1-12.
- Jan. 8.—The Multitude Fed.—Matt. 14: 13-21.
- Jan. 15.—Jesus walking on the Sea.—Matt. 14: 22-36.
- Jan. 22.—Jesus and the Afflicted.—Matt. 15: 21-31.
- Jan. 29.—Peter confessing Christ.—Matt. 16: 13-28.
- Feb. 5.—The Transfiguration.—Matt. 17: 1-13.
- Feb. 12.—Jesus and the Little Ones.—Matt. 18: 1-14.
- Feb. 19.—A Lesson on Forgiveness.—Matt. 18: 21-35.
- Feb. 26.—The Rich Young Ruler.—Matt. 19: 16-26.
- March 4.—Christ's Last Journey to Jerusalem.—Matt. 20: 17-29.
- March 11.—Christ entering Jerusalem.—Matt. 21: 1-16.
- March 18.—The Son Rejected.—Matt. 21: 33-46.
- March 25.—Review, Temperance, Gal. 5: 16-26, and Missions.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BREAKFAST FOR A COLD DAY.

KATHERINE ARMSTRONG.

We had roast beef for dinner yesterday, so we will have some of it "warmed up" for breakfast. Slice it very thin, cut it small, and cook it five minutes only, in some of its rich, brown gravy, left also from yesterday. It is a mistake to simmer meat of any kind in a second cooking. It makes it flat and insipid, and takes the flavor out of it, which cannot be made up by any degree of seasoning afterward. The quicker meats are "warmed up" and thoroughly heated through, the better they are. Even corned-beef hash, that homely, and oft-despised dish, is very good when cooked five minutes, but spoiled if allowed to steam its flavor away for ten.

Put on your breakfast table a few slices, neatly cut, of cold roast beef, too. It may just suit some one's taste or whim. Baked potatoes are very acceptable of a cold morning, or mashed potatoes left from yesterday's dinner may be beaten up with an egg, made into croquettes, and fried in a few moments. Or the baked potatoes left may be fried a rich brown, crisp and well-seasoned, or baked or boiled potatoes may be chopped fine and stewed in milk with a little butter, salt, pepper, and a chopped sprig of parsley added. Even these plain dishes cannot be "done to a turn" without care and attention. They cannot be put over the fire and left to cook themselves. Stirring and turning makes the fried potatoes evenly brown, and keeps the stewing ones from scorching in the milk. Little things to be sure, but good cooking can only be the result of care in trifles, and the result well repays the care. It is one of the most difficult things to impress upon an inexperienced person that cooking food, of all sorts, in pan kettle or oven, needs constant watching. A few thin slices of bacon fried, may be just what some one of the family will relish, and take but a moment of extra time. Or an omelet, fresh from the fire, will be acceptable probably to many.

We can have rolls sent from the baker's and heat them through only in the oven, or a few English muffins and toast them. And home-made, warm breakfast breads make a desirable change. Corn-bread muffins, pop-overs, and the like, can all be put together in a few moments, and all help to make a cold morning's breakfast satisfactory, especially with hot coffee, the usual accompaniment. These all, too, are plain, common food, but they are what everybody can get, they are within the reach of all.—N. Y. Independent.

HAPPINESS A HABIT.

Every permanent state of mind is largely the effect of habit. Just as we can perform an action so continually that it becomes habitual, so we can encourage conditions of mind till they, too, come to be habits of thinking, and even of feeling. Every thoughtful parent or teacher recognizes this in the training of youth. The child constantly thwarted or scolded or ridiculed he, constantly aroused within him feelings of resentment or discouragement or misery, and these grow to be habitual, and a character for ill-temper or moroseness or despondency is formed. On the other hand, the child who is wisely treated, whose faculties are brought into action, who is encouraged to do well, who is surrounded with cheerful faces and orderly arrangements, becomes accustomed to corresponding habits of thought and feeling. The exercise of self-control, of truthfulness, of honesty, and other essential qualities, not only result in habitual actions of the same nature, but in the habitual feelings or states of mind that induce those actions. So the condition which we call happiness is likewise acquired to a considerable degree. It involves within it many things, but they are not impossible to secure, and when we have discovered them it rests with us to encourage or discourage them. Happiness is not only a privilege, but a duty; not a mere outward good, that may, perhaps, come to us, but an inward possession which we are bound to attain. When we remember the contagious character of happiness, the strength, courage, and hope it excites by its very presence, and the power for good it exerts

in every direction, we cannot doubt our obligation to attain as much of it as possible.—Philadelphia Ledger.

SUGGESTIONS.

Many a young housekeeper is worried by having a boiled custard always curdle. Put the milk into a milk-boiler, and when it boils stir into a quart one teaspoonful of corn-starch, blended in a half cup of milk; thereafter stir in the eggs and sugar, and it will never curdle. Flavors should be added after the custard is removed from the fire, else much of it escapes in steam.

Gelatin in water should never be allowed to boil, only brought to the boiling point. It seems to lose some of its hardening properties if not removed quite soon enough from the fire.

A lemon pudding that is acceptable, if served very cold, is the following: Over one pint of sponge-cake crumbs pour one quart of milk. Stir in the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the yolks of three eggs, a small cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. When baked, spread the top with currant jelly, and frost with the whites. Brown in the oven, and set on the ice when cold.

A chocolate pudding.—Bring one quart of milk to the boiling point. Dissolve four spoonfuls of corn-starch, and two and a half of chocolate in a little cold milk, and stir in; add three spoonfuls of sugar and a little salt. Serve with cream, or butter and sugar stirred to a cream.

All kinds of puddings made with milk, should be made in a milk boiler—milk so easily scorches, and then it must be thrown away. One only costs from twenty-five to seventy-five cents, and saves much trouble and watching. It is a great help to housekeepers in the warm season to have cold desserts, besides being more acceptable than hot ones. They can be made in the morning, and disposed of before the heat of the day. Any dessert made of gelatin should be made the day before wanted, to have sufficient time to harden on the ice. Gelatin makes many nice and pretty desserts. Tart apples, stewed and strained, sweetened, salted, flavored, and enriched with butter, while hot, and then run into a mold with gelatin, are very nice. Use half a box of gelatin, dissolved in two cups of cold water, and stirred into one quart of the prepared apple. Serve with a boiled custard.

Sponge drops make a dainty dish to serve with the various ices. Beat to a froth three eggs and one cup of powdered sugar. Stir into this one heaping coffee-cup of flour, in which one teaspoonful of Royal baking powder has been well mixed. Flavor with one teaspoonful of Royal lemon. Butter tin sheets well with fresh butter, and drop the batter in teaspoonfuls, about three inches apart. Bake a few minutes in a quick oven. Watch closely, as they burn easily. They are delightful served with ice-cream.—N. Y. Independent.

THREE SUBSTANTIAL SOUPS.

BEEF SOUP.—For a family of five or six persons, take a piece of beef weighing from three to four pounds, with a slice of liver, which imparts a certain richness to the soup, and plenty of bones. Should marrow bones be used, extract all the marrow from them, as that will make the soup too greasy. If it is desired to eat the meat after the soup, set it on in twice as much hot water as you wish to have soup. The reason for using hot water is that the action of the heat causes the pores of the meat to close, leaving it juicier than when cold water is used. Just before the soup gets ready to boil, a thick scum will rise on the top of it; remove this carefully with a skimmer. After it has begun to boil, put in an onion, half a large carrot, a few stalks of celery, some parsley, one tomato, and a small tablespoonful of salt. Sometimes a bay leaf, and some cloves and peppercorns are added; but one should consult one's taste before using these spices. I prefer the soup without them. Time to boil, three hours.

MUTTON SOUP.—Mutton soup is an excellent soup for children, especially for those whose bowels are out of order. It should be boiled as long as beef soup and with the same vegetables; but before straining be careful to remove every particle of grease, as that will give a strong, disagreeable taste to the soup. Take half

a cupful of barley, choose neither the coarsest nor the finest, but the quality between the two; put the barley in a bowl, pour hot water on it, stir with a teaspoon and pour the water off with the particles that float to the top; repeat if necessary. Then put the barley into a larger vessel, strain some of the soup over it, cut up two potatoes, and if agreeable to taste, cut up a leek into half-inch pieces, and boil the barley an hour. The meat should be eaten with a mustard or caper sauce.

POTATO SOUP.—Here are two different ways of making potato soup: One way is to crack all the bones that are left over from roasts, etc., boil them for several hours, and then strain into another vessel. Peel the potatoes, cut them in quarters and boil them in the broth made of the bones; add a leek cut into half-inch pieces, and some celery and parsley; melt some beef drippings in a saucepan, put in two table-spoonfuls of flour, stir until free from lumps, pour into the soup and allow it to boil up again.

Another way to make the soup is to peel, wash and boil the potatoes with an onion in very little water until soft; then pass them through a colander, put in a large lump of butter, some parsley chopped fine, and pepper and salt to suit the taste; add enough milk to the potatoes to make the soup not too thick, and, if you have it, half a teaspoonful of meat extract. Boil up once and serve with croutons.—Emilia Custer, in Good Housekeeping.

EVERY-DAY MANNERS.

Children who are not taught good manners cannot be made to appear otherwise than uncouth and possibly rude when company comes to the house. Their daily home-life, and the manners of those with whom they are constantly associated, are examples they inevitably follow. Scenes like the following are sufficiently common to be recognized as truthful by the reader:

A lady makes an afternoon call upon a mother. The children, half-a-dozen in number, perhaps, surround the visitor with marked signs of interest in her personal appearance.

"It is a very pleasant day," the caller says.

"Yes, very. Mary, run and sit down; Janie, don't touch the lady's dress."

"Are your family all well?"

"Oh yes, thank you. Tommy, don't stare so at the lady."

"How do you do, little girl?" asks the caller, pleasantly.

The little girl puts her finger in her mouth.

"Can't you talk, child?" asks the mother, sharply. "Why don't you say, 'I am well, thank you?'"

"I'm very well, if you please," returns the child, with a giggle.

"There now, don't giggle. Take your finger out of your mouth. James, get off the back of the lady's chair. Run away, all of you."

"I haven't seen you out lately," the caller may say.

"No; I've been very busy. My family require all of my time. With several children one can't give much thought or interest to anything but home duties."

"Do you go to school?" asks the lady of Johnnie.

"Hoy?"

"Why, John Brown! Now that's a nice way to answer the lady! Never say 'hey' to anybody. Now answer nice."

"Yes um, I go to school."

"Yes um! Say 'Yes, ma'am.' A person would think you children had never been taught how to behave."

Very naturally a person would think so.—Youth's Companion.

HYGIENE FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

1. Every woman needs to take regular exercise in the open air every day; and that exercise should not be in the nature of work, but of recreation.

2. As a rule, housekeepers need to eat more, of simple food. If the food is simpler, less time will be needed in its preparation; and what it lacks in unwholesome richness and unnecessary variety, it will gain in nutriment and digestibility. The result will be an improvement in the health of all the family, and will injure no one but the doctor.

3. Less time ought to be given to the

routine work of housekeeping, and more to relaxation and recreation. All that "the best of wives" did not do, and for the lack of which she became an inmate of an insane asylum, the housekeeper ought to do. The woman who "always stays at home," who "never goes out of the house even on Sunday," and who is "always doing something for her family," not only will "have no ideas outside of her home," but will soon come to have none even there.

The short of the matter is, that women, if they desire good health, must not be confined so closely to the cares of the household. I know that many women will look upon this advice as absurd, and will say: "It is all very easy for you to preach, but quite another thing for us to practice. A woman's duties involve a multitude of little things, the importance of which a man never realizes until they are omitted, and then he is the first to find fault. These things must be done. I can not stop; I can not find time to take out-of-door exercise, and visit my neighbors. The work must be done, and I must do it."

Nevertheless, the fact remains, that, when serious illness comes to the mistress of the house, the wheels of the treadmill cease to revolve, at least for her. Then the work either stops entirely, or goes on under other hands and is cared for by other hands. The question is a pertinent one: Would it not be better to do less work while in health, and thus avoid the sickness? And even hired help is less expensive than medical attendance. The old maxims, "A stitch in time saves nine," and "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," are worthy of consideration in this connection.—Good Housekeeping.

PUZZLES.

WHAT AM I?

I live deep down in murky streams,
For I am fond of mud;
I'm often caught when heavy rains
Send down a sudden flood
To swell the rivers. Then my skin
To wooden shafts is tied,
And blinde them fast, when in some barn
The threshers' trade is plied.

Some of my race can slun their foes
And leave them lying low,
For neither ox, nor mule, nor man
Can o'er resist the blow.
In South America they live,
And sometimes travellers say
They lurk in pools, and some good horse
When crossing they will slay.

Gigantic brothers, too, I have,
Who live within the sea,
And when they're caught, the boatmen find
They're dangerous company.
Some tiny relatives I claim
Who burrow in the sand
So fast, men dig in frantic haste,
Or they escape their hand.

I'm much esteemed for making pies,
In collars, too, I'm seen
(Though neither starched nor left to dry
On any bleaching green)
And men come out and search about
To find me, 'e'en at night.
They dazzle my poor wondering eyes
With torches all alight.

And spear me. If I'm caught alive
My luckless days are spent
In wooden boxes in some pond,
Where I am closely pent.
Some silly people say that hairs
If thrown into a stream
Will turn to us. Believe it not,
'Tis but some foolish dream!

To lads and lasses I should be
A very simple mystery.

(Look for a picture answer in next number.)

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why should a certain aquatic fowl always have a mate?
2. What venomous serpents are often found in school rooms?
3. When is a decayed tooth like a sovereign?
4. Why is a capital performance like a rap from a school-teacher's ferule?
5. What fish would be likely to escape a net?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN LAST NUMBER.

QUOTATION PUZZLE.—"Peace on earth, good will to men."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

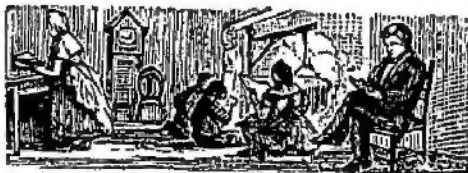
A-B-B-A
M-e-a-N
E-y-e-D
R-i-c-H
R-o-s-A
Y-e-l-P
C-o-o-P
H-o-l-Y
H-a-l-N
I-d-l-E
S-a-n-I-T
T-h-e-Y
M-a-c-E
A-r-o-A
S-e-a-R

CROSSWORD ENIGMA.—December.

HIDDEN HOLIDAY GREETING.—"May your Christmas be happy."

TO OUR PUZZLERS.

The Messenger would like very many of its readers to send in the answers to their puzzles as they find them, and also to send in some of their own making. Let us hear from many of you soon.



The Family Circle.

TEACHER'S FAVORITE.

BY IDA M. GARDNER.

Three little rosy-checked children,
Rebecca, Tom, and Rob,
Sat laughing and chatting together
As fast as their heads could bob.

"Come, children," cried the good mother,
"Put all your fun away,
And bring out the sacred volume
That tells of our dear Lord's day."

"O mother! let me choose a chapter!"
Cried Tom, his rosy face
Aglow with the depth of his feeling
As quickly he found the place.

The chapter he chose was the story
Of talents, great and small,
Entrusted to men for their using
Till the shadows of death shall fall.

Giving that tale of the talents,
The ten, the two, the one,
He read the kind words of the Master,
Pronouncing a sweet, "Well done."

Baby's lips scarcely could utter
The wee for him undone
Who showed, when the napkin was opened,
That unused, pitiful one!

"Darling, how well you have read it!
Tell me, where did you learn
To give it such perfect inflections,
And all its meaning discern?"

"Oh, many a time I have read it,"
Whispered Tom, in accents low;
Then he flushed rosy red in his gladness,
"Tis our teacher's favorite, you know!"

AUNT TRUDY'S TRAMP.

BY MRS. L. E. THROPE.

All the merry week, that so pleasantly
closes the old year and welcomes the new,
was gone, and aunt Trudy Maydew sat
thinking in her great chair. Her eyes
were very red and the room was topsy-
turvy, for a hack load of furry, woolly
bundles had just trundled out of sight, and
she was left again alone in the old home.

She had thought and cried awhile, and
now felt comforted as her mind turned
from the children, who had now homes and
interests of their own, and the companion
who had so lately gone to the better home
above, to him who said, "Lo, I am with
you." Dear words! uttered by lips that
had borne the silence of death and moved
again glorified with eternal power! Aunt
Trudy was just thinking how they formed
the golden staff of hope when a loud rap
on the kitchen door called her attention.
Opening the door she was accosted by a
boy in his early teens, in a coarse voice;

"Can you give a fellow somethin' t' eat?"

"Well, now! I hardly knew you, Char-
lie Bruce! Where did you come from, and
what's the matter of you?"

"I'm not out a answering questions—all
I want is somethin' to eat."

"Well, come in, child, and sit down
while I set it on the table."

"I'd rather have it here, if you please,"
said the boy forgetting his assumed tone.

"No; it is too cold to have the door
open, and you can eat here, and warm
yourself. The children have left scraps
enough to feed a small regiment! You can
help save them, can't you, Charlie? I don't
see how you could go so long without break-
fast. See how nice they are."

The boy lunged aside his ragged cap and
began to eat in true boy fashion. Aunt
Trudy eyed him a few moments in silence
and then drawing her chair sociably nearer,
said: "Charlie Bruce, are you just trying to
deceive me for fun? You're just the picture
of your mother, child, and I have known
her too long not to know you. Now just
tell me all about yourself; where you've
been since your mother died, and why you
have to get your breakfast this way."

The boy's face colored; he coughed,
pushed back his plate and seemed calculat-
ing how to make his escape, but aunt Trudy
said: "There, eat your breakfast first,
Charlie; I wish I could get you to finish up

my choring for me, I am alone, too, now.
Just see how it snows! You can stay here
while it storms, and help me clear up after
those romping children, can't you? Law
me—it's many a time your poor little mother
has helped me rid up this old house."

The reference to his mother and aunt
Trudy's kind voice and manner brought
tears to the boy's eyes in spite of himself,
and his roughness seemed to disappear like
frost before sunshine. After a while he
said:

"I didn't think you'd know me. I didn't
want any body to know me here, any
more. I'll tell you the truth, aunt Trudy
Maydew, I've been served worse than the
dogs where I've been staying, and paid
good as nothing for it, and it's 'bout played
out! I've made up my mind if no body
cares nothin' for me, I'll care nothin' for
nobody, and I'm going to be a tramp. I've
been out since the day after Christmas; it's
pretty tough, but when a feller's mother's
dead he's got to get toughened!" Here a
sob escaped the boy's control, and he buried
his face in his hands. Aunt Trudy's kind
heart was so moved with pity she could
only lay her hand on his head and say:
"Don't feel that way, Charlie, don't;
there'll be lots of chances for you yet."

"There's the girls," continued Charlie,
"everybody was good to 'em, and got 'em
places, but they said a boy could shift for
himself. Folks thinks as boys have no
feelings! They never get hungry or tired;
and don't care if their bed is dirty and
hard; and of course boys can't freeze and
are only good for to be ordered and
scolded! I tell you, aunt Trudy, I wasn't
raised that way, and I won't stand it! And
when a feller's out on the street folks
act like he's pizen—because he's raggy;
and you just go to ask 'em for 'employment'
if you want to hear snarls and snap-
words!"

"Well, I say you have had a hard time,
but I know, Charlie, there are lots of good
folks in the world after all, and you just
stay here now and help me till we find
some of them. Here's the corn for the
chickens and you will find fodder for old
Pink in the south shed, and the pig must
have more straw. Bring your bundle in
and put it here in my Johnny's room.
You see my boy had as nice a room as a
girl's; and just as big a feather bed. You
may have this room while you stay here."

For a few minutes Charlie seemed to
hesitate about abandoning thus early the
wild, adventurous life he was planning, but
he looked with longing on the comforts she
so freely offered, and finally said: "Well,
I'll stay awhile, but there's nobody else I'd
do it for."

He went out with the chicken feed, and
aunt Trudy bustled around about her kit-
chen work, her hands keeping time to her
busy thoughts, for in her heart she felt a
strange burning, as if she had been divine-
ly commissioned to snatch a young soul
from the very brink of ruin. She felt that
it would be no easy task, and resolved to
spare neither comfort nor money if she
might win him to noble ambitions. Her
work done and Charlie still out, she
hastened into her closet and shut the door,
that she might ask the Lord's help in the
matter. Returning she listened for Char-
lie, but hearing nothing of him, put a shawl
over her head and started through wind
and snow to the barn. The work had all
been done, but no Charlie could be seen.
She called loudly but there was no answer.
She turned to go away when a rustle in the
haymow was heard, and presently Charlie
called out: "I will give up, aunt Trudy,
and do as you say. I will try once more!"

"Well, now do, that's a good boy;—
what has kept you out so long? I was quite
alarmed about you."

"Why, we boys—there's four of us—has
a 'Pest Club,' we call it (you see we're
treated like pests and we concluded to
be pests!), that has a special meetin'
around to-night; and you see 'f I ain't
they'll call me chicken-hearted. I was
just tryin' to decide the best thing to
do. But I'm decided now, and I give it
up. It's mean, orn'ry business any how."
Aunt Trudy knew the best thing to do just
then was to remind him of his mother,
which she did in a way to stimulate his
honor, as well as to refresh his loving mem-
ory. As they walked to the house, she
knew by his quick, firm step he was mak-
ing good resolutions. The day passed very
pleasantly, for aunt Trudy's home lacked

nothing but inmates, and seemed like a
"heavenly mansion" to the poor out-
cast.

"The hardest of all," said he in the
evening, when telling her why he left his
place, "was at Christmas, when the house
was full of children and company, and the
boys all had such bright wool things—
scarfs and wristers and mittens—like my
mother used to make for me; and they
would make fun of my poor clothes
until I'd stay in my bedroom, or out on
the back porch and shake with the cold,
sooner than stay with them by the fire."

"Are the fellows in your club rough,
swearing boys?"

"Yes, ma'am, they swear awfully."

"I hope you don't do that."

"No, ma'am;—only when a fellow's
with them he's got to a little, or he'll get
called names he don't care about."

"Charlie, you could not bear to hear
them speak of your mother in the vile,
wicked way they speak of God! Is not
our Heavenly Father far dearer to us than
even our mothers? I can not understand
how Christian men can laugh at the daring
oaths of wicked men, as I have seen them
do sometimes, so thoughtlessly. But did
you never go to church?"

"To church! I reckon we rough fellers
would make purty shows there among the
laces and ruffles! Reckon a feller would
feel fine in such a grand place in his ragged
shoes and greasy clothes; and how's he
going to get his things washed and mended,
when he's got no mother?"

This reply brought tears to aunt Trudy's
eyes, so she could not speak, and Charlie
went on: "Believe the fellers would
about as soon go into the fire as to go near
them fine churches!"

"How are we to carry the gospel to that
class of mankind?" aunt Trudy asked her-
self earnestly.

"I'll tell you about one thing that used
to make some of the fellers knock under;
I used to stand it pretty well till I got off
alone, and then I'd bawl like a baby! It
was done at a deep cut a lot of us fellers
was a diggin' out last summer. A little
girl would come out there sometimes and
sit not far from us and sing hymns—just
the sweetest ones—and sometimes she
would give the men books and tracts, and
she had such a pretty face and sweet voice
they couldn't swear at her, though some
couldn't read her books. Lots of 'em
said they learned more Bible from her
than they ever did from preachers."

Long after aunt Trudy retired she stud-
ied and planned how to tame her little
Arab, now that she had caught him. She
resolved to give him a Christmas yet, and
invite a few of the nicest boys of her ac-
quaintance to spend it with him. There
wasn't time now to knit scarfs and mittens,
but there were just as pretty ones at the
stores, so early the next morning she took
her basket and went to market, leaving
Charlie in charge of the house and chores.
She was afraid he might leave in her
absence, but could not arrange otherwise.
The suit and many other things were pur-
chased on condition that they could be re-
turned if he did not stay. She also se-
cured a good place for him in the store of
a friend, where she was assured he would
receive good treatment as well as good
wages. Greatly to her relief she saw him
hurry out to help her with her bundles
as the hackman let her out at the gate.
Poor Charlie was just child enough to cry
over his good fortune, when she told him
about the situation and that he could board
with her free of charge if he would do the
chores in bad weather. He tried to ex-
press his thankfulness for the gifts and the
"Christmas" promised by declaring he
would take care of her as long as she
lived.

After putting away her purchases aunt
Trudy sat down to run over the news in
the morning paper, reading items aloud;
among others an account of the arrest of
three burglars, who had broken into a
store, when she was startled by an excla-
mation from Charlie, and noticed his face
was pale as ashes: "That's what you've
saved me from, aunt Trudy! That was
our special meetin'!"—*Morning Star.*

No Boy is prepared to leave school
whose mind is swayed by the hallucination
that the only thing worth thinking of in
this life is business success.—*N. Y. Tri-
bune.*

OLD MATTIE'S CONFESSION.

"I'm too old now to make promises.
What good would they be? Long ago in
old England, the minister wanted me to
join his class and stand up for Christ.
Then I was too young, I thought, and since
that no convenient time has ever come,"
said old Mattie.

"It has come now," answered the minis-
ter. "Now is the accepted time, now is
the day of salvation." I will not take any
excuses. You repent and believe. What
hinders you from saying so in church?"

"I'm so old. God will take me as I am."

"Not without a public confession of faith
when the opportunity is offered to you.
Jesus said very plainly, 'Whosoever will
deny me before men, him will I deny be-
fore God. Whosoever will confess me be-
fore men, him will I confess before the
angels of God.' Just think of it! You
believe, you are sorry for your sins, you
are in love and charity with your neighbors,
but you deny your Saviour who died for
you."

"No, oh, no. Don't say that."

"Yes, I must say it. You deny Him
when you will not come out boldly and con-
fess Him."

"I never thought of that," and old Mat-
tie covered her face and wept.

"Jesus wants your confession. He
wants it to-morrow night when his people
will meet to hear many confess their faith
in Jesus. You will come; I know you
will."

"Yes, yes; I must," sobbed Mattie.
"You put it before me so plain. But I
feel ashamed to go now. I am nearly
seventy years old."

"Too old to put it off, but young enough
to do a good work for Jesus yet."

"What can I do?"

"You can bear witness, if nothing more,
but God may have work in store for you
yet. Now let us pray for grace, and then
I'll leave you, as I have many more to visit
and urge to come forward now."

So the minister and old Mattie knelt to-
gether for a few moments. Then he left
her bewildered, but happy in her late de-
cision. Soon she remembered she had
many preparations to make, and the time
was short.

The minister called for Mattie the next
evening, and led her to a seat in front,
from which it would be easy for her to
come forward to make her confession.
The church was crowded. During the
singing of that very solemn hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,"
the new disciples arose, and went forward
to enroll themselves in the army of witness-
bearers, the great company of those who
had made their calling and election sure by
confessing Jesus before men. Old Mattie
was between a young girl of sixteen and a
lad of fifteen. Her eyes were filled with
tears and her heart with peace as she turn-
ed her steps homeward. At last she had
taken her stand for Jesus, and she knew
He would confess her before the throne of
God.—*Christian at Work.*

"HIS CARE."

[The following beautiful poem has been
widely published and erroneously credited.
The Rev. John Parker, of the New York
East Conference, wrote it several years ago
to comfort a beloved friend in trouble.]

God holds the key of all unknown,

And I am glad;

If other hands should hold the key,

Or if He trusted it to me,

I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here

Without its rest!

I had rather He unlock the day,

And as the hours swing open say,

"My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight

Makes me secure,

For, groping in my misty way,

I feel his hand—I hear him say,

"My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plan,

But this I know,

I have the smiling of his face,

And all the refuge of his grace,

While here below.

Enough; this covers all my want,

And so I rest;

For what I cannot he can see,

And in his care I sure shall be,

Forever blest.

THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

Travellers in Sweden soon learn that the Swedes are a musical people. In the many churches of the country music is a prominent feature. The choral singing is equal to anything in Germany, and much of the solo singing is fine. The voices of the people are rich and melodious, and musical education is common. Two of the sweetest singers that have ever delighted the world were natives of Sweden, and an American cannot make a tour in that country without hearing and saying much of Jennie Lind and Christine Nilsson. Of the former, I had something to say, for I had seen and talked with her, as well as listened to her wonderful singing when she visited our country and lived at Northampton.

It was with an almost personal sorrow, therefore, that I heard after my return, a few weeks since, that a stroke of apoplexy threatened her life, and on the second of November, that Jenny Lind was dead. True, she had nearly reached three-score years and ten, and her life had been a full and useful one, but the "Swedish nightingale," whose character was as sweet as her voice, and whose life was ever giving some fresh evidence of the youthfulness and sincerity of her heart, never seemed old or declining.

She was a native of Stockholm, the "Venice of the North" and first appeared in public there when eighteen years old. Her voice continued to improve, and she went to Paris and Berlin for vocal training, and sang in many of the cities of the European Continent. It was in 1847, nine years after her first appearance, that she created a decided sensation during the London "season." She was then singing in opera, and the fashionable world was wild with excitement about her; immense sums were paid for tickets to hear her, and the audiences filled even the halls and stairways of Her Majesty's Theatre, where she sang.

But although trained for the stage, she had no taste for theatrical life. She was a modest and unassuming woman, with no pretensions to personal beauty, though her face and form were pleasing. After a few seasons she withdrew from the stage, and during the remainder of her public career was satisfied with oratorio and concert singing. On a few special occasions she sang in opera, but she had virtually left the stage before she came to America. She crossed the ocean in 1850, having made an engagement with Mr. P. T. Barnum for a tour in the United States, and here she remained for three years, giving concerts in all of the principal cities of this country.

Her singing in America created greater enthusiasm than has ever been displayed towards any orator, or actor, or musician. Crowds flocked to hear her, and in New York, Tripler Hall and Castle Garden were thronged to hear her sing. The tickets were sold at auction, and the first choice was purchased by Gen. the latter, for \$600. It was my good fortune to hear her sing in Castle Garden on the Battery, which was then a great concert-hall with balconies overlooking the harbor, and also in Tripler Hall. Her voice was pure and sweet, and of great compass, and she sang with a sincerity and expression that entranced the listener. There was no straining for effect, there were no musical gymnastics in her vocalization; the rich melody seemed to flow forth without effort, save as that was revealed by the rise and fall of the broad and full chest. Whether it was a Scotch ballad, an English song, or some sublime oratorio, she entered heartily into the sentiment of the poet and the idea of the composer, and emphasized both. She did much to form and elevate musical taste in this country, and to encourage and stimulate musical education.

I was a student in college when she retired to Northampton, and learning from a relative that Jenny Lind was to sing in the town hall at that place to gratify the hospitable people among whom she had been residing, I walked over Florida Mountain, which is now pierced by the Hoosic tunnel, through Charlemont and Deerfield and Greenfield to Northampton. Two companions, who lived in the Connecticut Valley, took the same walk on their way home, for vacation had begun, and none of us will ever forget that concert. It was while resting some days in that beautiful

town, that I had the opportunity to meet Jenny Lind in a circle of choice friends, and to note the sweetness of her character and the unaffected simplicity of her manners. The impressions of youth are deep and lasting, and she made the impression of kindness and goodness upon all who met her here. Here benevolence was well known. She gave her earnings to the establishment of schools and hospitals, and to help worthy students in her native country and in England, and wherever she sang she devoted a large portion of the profits, and sometimes the whole of them, to local charities. During her concert-tour in the United States, she became interested in Otto Goldschmidt, the pianist of

can say, that I should still be remembered in your great country, America, and so long as my life lasts will I continue to feel grateful for such faithfulness. I gave the best I had to her world, but I have received back the best gifts human hearts can give—that of enduring friendship." Her voice was a divine endowment, and she devoted it to loving and noble uses. She made the world happier and better by a wise and charitable employment of her great gift of song, and she has left rare and precious memories of sacred words married to sublime music, in many souls. The "Swedish nightingale" is silent, the voice of matchless sweetness is hushed. Never again shall we hear on earth such exquisite



JENNY LIND AT THE HEIGHT OF HER VOCAL FAME.

the company, and was married to him at Boston in 1852. With him she returned to Europe, and after a Continental tour they settled in London, where she has lived happily with her husband and three children. For many years she has not sung in public, but she never ceased to sing, and the children and grandchildren of Queen Victoria have all been her pupils while she lived in South Kensington, London. The feelings which Jenny Lind cherished towards America to the end of her life are expressed in a letter written in 1882 and published in the *Springfield Republican*: "I am more touched than words

melody as when she sang from Handel's noble oratorio, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"; but may we not believe that she has gone to that holy place where the worship of faith will give place to the worship of a visible and enthroned Redeemer, and where the highest and noblest praise will be the duty and delight of the redeemed?"—*Augustus, in the N. Y. Observer.*

SCIENTIFIC TEMPERANCE TEACHING.

"I wonder if any other mother has two boys who are such walking interrogation

points as mine are. They come home from school bubbling over with information, which they proceed to impart to me in the Socratic fashion.

"Mamma, who killed the Gorgon?" said Arthur—who is reading Charles Kingsley's "Greek Heroes"—one day last week, when I was busy making a cottage pudding for dinner. I tried to remember whether it was Perseus or Theseus, and, on the Irishman's principle that if it was not one it was the other, managed to answer it right.

The next question proved not so easy: "Mamma, where are the Eastern Highlands?"

"Oh, a part of Boston, I suppose," I answered, absently, trying to remember whether I had put any salt into the pudding sauce.

"Not right!" said my young mentor; "the Eastern Highlands extend from the Appalachian system to the Great Atlantic Plain."

"Well," I said, "you can see the great Atlantic plain in Boston; that is, if you stand on high enough ground and use your eyes."

"Oh, you mean the great Atlantic Ocean; that isn't it at all," said my disgusted young teacher.

The new temperance text-books have just been introduced into our schools, so, now, my teaching is all on the line of the physical effects of alcohol on the human system.

"Mamma, what does alcohol do to the muscles?" said Eddie, the younger and more fervid apostle of temperance, the other day.

"I suppose it weakens them," I said doubtfully.

"No, it don't, it changes the muscles into fat," said Master Eddie, and both boys looked suspiciously at my plump self.

"Oh, well," I answered quickly, in self-defence, "it doesn't make good, solid fat, but soft and flabby."

Both boys gave my arm a reassuring pinch, and confidence was restored to their young bosoms.

"What does alcohol do to the human stomach?" was the next question.

"It causes dyspepsia," said I, taking refuge in a long word.

"Worse than that," said both boys in chorus, "it takes the coat all off a man's stomach."

"I have known it to take the coat off his back, too," I answered, jocosely; but they were in no joking mood. "That is nothing, mamma; a man might stop drinking, and earn money and buy a new coat for his back, but he could never get his coat for his stomach back again."

Another time, when we had boiled eggs for breakfast, the boys took occasion to explain how the brain becomes cooked in alcohol until it is almost like the hard-boiled egg, till at last I said: "Well, boys, how do you suppose a man feels with his muscles turned to fat, the coat of his stomach all gone, and his head full of hard-boiled eggs instead of brains?"

"I think he didn't know what it was going to do to him, or he wouldn't have used it," said Eddie. "You won't get any of the school boys to use it, not if they were a-dying," he protested, forgetting his grammar in his earnestness.

After the boys had gone to school, I kept thinking of Eddie's words, and thanking God for scientific temperance teaching in the schools. Will boys with such teaching as that grow up and vote to license a rum-seller? Never; not even if, as some one may suggest, they find that their early teaching was too broad, and that drinking men do sometimes manage to live, in spite of all these deadly dangers, to a bad old age. They will see enough, in the army of drunkards yearly marching to the grave, to assure them that the dangers of alcohol were not overdrawn, and in ten years more we will have an army of intelligent temperance young men who may be depended upon to vote "no" on the liquor question. —*Zion's Herald.*

A LITTLE BOY belonging to the children's missionary society in Northfield, and who had learned the blessedness of giving, remarked to a comrade, "Before I went to these meetings I was a stingy, mean sort of a fellow, but now I think I'm coming out all right!"

THE CHILDREN OF ALGIERS.

"What a beautiful country!" we thought, as we took our first drive in Algiers; "and how happy the girls and boys must be with these lovely walks and flowers, and the heaps of fruits which grow so plentifully!" For we passed by orange groves lying close on the roadside; and so plentiful was the fruit that we saw scores of oranges rotting away because no one cared to take the trouble of gathering them.

It is not in all lands that girls and boys have such good times as in dear old England; and, if our readers will allow, we will tell them what we think will make them thankful they were not born in a country where, almost from infancy, sisters and brothers rarely play together, take nice long walks, or have any of the merry outdoor romps English children so much enjoy.

And now we will imagine that, after a sail of five hundred miles south from Marseilles, we are about to land in Algiers town, which is situated on the western shore of the Bay of Algiers.

And as we hurry up on deck and see, in the light of the rising sun, the town, with its white terraces, domes, palms, its Moorish palaces, and the bright green background of the Sahel hills (on a slope of which Algiers is built), we begin to realize that we are far away from home—though it is only five days since we left London.

It is not of the French who live in Algeria that we are about to talk, but of the little Arabs and Moors; and first, in order to make things clear, we must have what we call the "dry part." We must go back to our history—and we learn that the "two principal divisions into which the Mohammedan races inhabiting Algeria may be divided into are Berbers and Arabs."

The Berbers live in the more inaccessible parts of the country, and are a branch of the "aboriginal people who inhabited the North of Africa, as far south as the Soudan, Egypt, Nubia, and as far as the western shore of the Red Sea, and to whom the Greeks and Romans gave the name of Berber, or Barbarians," because of their strange language and unwillingness to submit to other laws than their own.

This Berber division is again divided into two, the *Kabyles* and *Chaouis*; but tourists rarely see anything of the latter tribe.

The *Kabyles* are an industrious people, and are specially noted for their beautiful pottery and jewellery, which they manufacture with much taste.

The Arabs date their occupation of Algeria from the twelfth century, when they gained possession of the best parts of Algiers and drove the Berber tribe to the mountain fastnesses. They are a nomadic race, and live in tents, which they move about from place to place as they require fresh pasturage. They are a very lazy people; their chief employment is in agriculture, which they do in the easiest manner, and the soil being very productive little labor is required.

Moor is a name applied to those of Arabic descent, who have for generations lived in towns, in contra-distinction to the nomads who dwell in tents, and the term Moor includes all Arabs who lead settled lives, and occupy themselves in commercial pursuits. It is these people, together with the Jews, who inhabit the old part of Algiers. The streets in this, the "ancient city of the Deys" part of Algiers are very irregular, winding, and narrow, and so steep as to be inaccessible for carriages. From three to five feet appeared to be the general width. But their narrowness keeps them cool and shady, being built in, as it were, by the high walls of the Moorish houses. This Arab city is terribly confusing for any stranger to find his way in, but would be a capital place for "hide and seek." The houses, too, were scarcely recognizable. A small door in a high, whitewashed wall was the only sign we could see, as, after a long, weary trudge up Rue de la Kasba (a narrow street of 497 steps), we, with our guide, turned first to the right and left, until we were tired, on our way to pay our first formal visit to some of the children of Algiers.

After pulling a bell in the whitewashed wall, the door before mentioned was opened, and we found ourselves in a little vestibule, or "skiffa," on each side of which were stone benches. Here we were received by the master of the house and his

three boys, of whom he seemed proud. Both father and sons were, to our English eyes, gorgeously dressed, for they wore jackets of rich and gay colors, embroidered in silks and gold; full short trousers, little red turbans on their heads, and large, loose slippers. The boys were handsome little fellows, with straight features, oval faces, large dark eyes, clear brown skins—only much fairer than the nomad Arab.

Beyond the vestibule we were shown to an open court, paved with rich tiles, and having an arcade all round, formed by the twisted pillars and horse-shoe arches which supported an over gallery. The court is the most important part of a Moorish house, it is open to the sky so that the pavement enclosed by the arcade is generally sunk a few inches to carry off the rain-water. It is in the "court" of a Moorish house that most festivities are held; and we found, as we entered, that it was here preparations had been made for our visit.

Coffee, sweetmeats, pipes, etc., were in readiness; lovely rugs had been spread; there were also little mother-of-pearl inlaid stools, hassocks, etc.; while a fountain in the centre of the court was playing,

Her brothers, instead of making much of their only sister, gave her plenty of kicks and blows if she did not hurry to do their bidding; and the mother told us she was thankful she had only one girl, as to be the mother of boys was a greater honor. When a boy comes into the world, his mother always has a beautiful circular brooch to fasten her hair; while if a girl is born, a mother frequently receives only curses and kicks, and the child, if she is of poor parents, is treated as a slave; while among the upper classes she is little better. Our hostess told us that she had never seen her own relations since, as a little child, she was married and came to her husband's home, although she had often felt a longing to see her old home and her mother. She had already betrothed her child to a little boy cousin.

The little girl was first very shy of even looking at her visitors; but by degrees the shyness was overcome by a present of an English dressed doll, which was greatly appreciated, only she said she should hide the treasure or her brothers might take a fancy to it. The child's amusements were few; but we found that at

ears hang long massive ear-rings which look heavy enough to tear them off. Round the neck are strings of pearls and various jewelled necklets, and bracelets on the arms. Their mothers and friends dress in like costumes.

Before our visit was over, coffee was handed to us in tiny little cups, the shape of half an egg, and with no handles; while instead of saucers were the Kabyle jewelled egg-like stand cups. To our hostess' surprise we declined a pipe.

(To be Continued.)

A FELLOW FEELING.

There are so many benefits arising from well-directed labor, that it would be needless trying to enumerate them, but two of the chief benefits to be derived from real exertion seem of particular importance. And first, no one can adequately realize the value of money until they have either felt the need of it, or been obliged to earn it. Said a sensible young lady who at one time was obliged to supply her own needs for a while, but afterwards was placed in circumstances of comfort and abundance, "I can never be too thankful that for a time I was obliged to support myself, although I had to work hard to do so. But during that time of real labor, I learned the value of money, and how to take care of it. The lesson will last me, doubtless, for the rest of my life." That was worth while.

And then, nothing else will put us in sympathy to the same degree with those who must lead a life of toil which is unremitting, and amounts to drudgery, like having known what it is to labor ourselves "till the eyes are heavy and dim," and until work becomes unwelcome toil. A lady sets out in high dudgeon, intending to complain threateningly that the promised work is not completed. Entering the dress-maker's close room her eye is greeted with an appalling array of unfinished garments over which a busy woman bends wearily. A sudden recollection of days only too gladly remembered as long past, rushes into the mind of the impatient lady now living at her ease; for an instant she recalls the old feeling of weariness, the backache, the tired fingers, and her anger is all gone. Instead of an irritating complaint, there is only a kindly, considerate word or two for the overworked woman before her.—*Christian at Work.*

THE FOLLOWING is from an address recently delivered in Bombay by an educated Hindu who is not a Christian:

Cast your eyes around, and take a survey of the nations abroad! What has made England great? Christianity! What has made the other nations of Europe great? Christianity! What has started our present religious Somajas all over India? Contact with Christian missionaries! Who began female education in Bombay? The good old Dr. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of beloved and honored memory, Christians again! Christianity has not only been the savior of man's soul, but the regenerator of man's habitation on earth.

A LITTLE BOY'S "IF."

ALICE L. SIMPSON.

If I were a bee and could roam the fields over,
Just gathering honey from sweet-scented clover,
And putting the pollen that sticks to my nose
In pockets, so handy, made fast to my clothes;

I'd never be never,
Be nought except clover.
There'd never be stinging
And angry tears bringing,
Because when abused
I, also, misused.

If I were a boy as big as my brother,
I never would say, "Oh, run to your mother!"
And "Hurry up now! You don't half try!"
And, "Leave that alone or I'll make you cry!"
And always and ever
Consider it clever
Big words to use,
Little boys to confuse.

If I were a man who didn't like whiskey,
I'd make the saloon keeper think it was risky,
To sell to the boys, and on Sunday not close.
Why, surely, you do not, you cannot suppose
That I ever, yes, ever,
Would show the "white feather!"
And consider it wiser
To not even try, sir!

—Union Signal.



A MOORISH GIRL.

and rare plants bloomed luxuriantly all about us.

While the gentlemen of our party went to smoke, the ladies were shown up to the over gallery and into the ladies' rooms, where we found the lady of the house with one little girl and some friends, who had come to see the English ladies. These Moorish ladies are never allowed to go out in the streets where they may be seen; so, being neighbors, they had come over the roofs of their houses, the houses were built so close to one another that it was easily done. Fortunately our hostess and her little girl could speak a little French. Not that they had ever been taught that language, but had picked it up from husband and brothers. It is not thought worth while to educate a girl. The little girl was sitting on a cushion playing with dominoes. And as she looked up on our entrance, we were grieved to see what a cowed, down-trodden expression she had.

"hop-scotch" she was no novice. We asked what she did all day, and found she did little of anything but embroidery, which was so exquisitely done that we could scarcely believe it to be the work of a child of eight. When we told of our English girls, their freedom, work and games, this Moorish child was by no means envious. The notion of a girl having to work sums, learn history and geography, was dreadful, and the walks and romps questionable!

I wish our readers could have seen one of these Moorish girls in their picturesque dress. It consists of a gauze chemise, wide yellow silk trousers, and a low bodice with a very short skirt, which does not fall more than eight inches below the hips. This is of red silk, and confined at the waist by a sash of gorgeous colors loosely tied in front. On the head is a small "foz," or turban, worn coquettishly on one side; and from which numerous little golden coins are suspended, while from the poor child's

THE CHILDREN OF ALGIERS.

(Concluded.)

In Algeria we saw several schools of boys, especially for the Arabs, where they are taught trades, such as carpentering, tailoring, etc., and learn to till the land. Schools for girls there are also, but the so-called better-class Moors would not dream of sending their girls. One school of girls we visited interested us very much; it was kept by a lady, to instruct Arab girls and women in Algerian embroidery. As we entered the school-room, we heard such a chatter going on and much laughter. More fun than work, it seemed; but we were mistaken. Those nimble little fingers worked with a machine-like precision and quickness which showed what a wise training could do for indolent natures. Madame Benahon told us she taught the girls while they were very young, and then when they married was able to give them work in their own homes. As she spoke, one of these married women, a girl of thirteen, came with some embroidered scarves, which some of our party bought on the spot, and so delighted the worker that she began to dance with joy, and throw off her burnous mantle and face-cloth in her excitement.

We went to the market one morning, and having bought some fruits, and not wishing to return to our hotel, were wondering how to get our basket home, when a Scotch friend said: "You may trust any one of those lads to carry you anything; they will not touch it, but will guard it carefully; but if, on the other hand, they can steal when no responsibility is resting on them, they will." We trusted the boys and found they never cheated us; so with all their faults they have virtues.

If, however, you are buying from a Moor or Arab, he will be sure to ask you quite double what he expects to get, and it is amusing, as well as sad, to see the horrified expression on these boys' faces as they hear you decline such 'wonderful bargains'; but in the end they will come down to your price, and then be quite gracious and insist—if it is in the bazaars—on you drinking coffee at their expense.

Later on we went up-country, and saw the Kabyle 'at home.' The house, which was a mere hut with an earthen floor, was divided into two compartments by a mud wall, in which an opening was made for a doorway. There were no chairs and no bedsteads in either room, but some shockingly dirty cushions and mats, which were made quite as much use of by the farm-stock, pigs, hens, etc., as by the family. The family consisted of the husband, wife, several boys, and one little baby three weeks old. We asked to see the baby, and were told she was out in care of the father, who was tilling some ground a short distance away, while the baby was lying on the bare ground in the shadow of a prickly-pear hedge. We never saw such a funny little baby—she was apparently rolled up in any old bits of soiled linen or cloths that were to be found. Only the face was visible, with its bright, bead-like eyes, podgy little nose, and tiny mouth. There was no shepherd's dog guarding the child as he lay, but a few storks were walking about picking up worms, or anything they could find to their mind, while the Kabyle farmer guided his oxen. We asked if the storks would harm the child. "Oh, no!" was the answer; "storks never did anyone harm."

Afterwards we frequently saw storks which had made their nests on the roofs of huts and houses; and the dwellers beneath would feed the birds to prevent their going elsewhere. There is an exact representation in the picture, which was sketched on the spot, of the position in which we saw some storks on a house-roof on our way to Hippone; as also of some Arabs sitting down to rest instead of hurrying to fill their pitchers.

We also visited the Kabyles, and were most hospitably received, and invited to partake of their favorite dish, 'Kous Kous.' This dish consists of semolino 'granulated by a peculiar process,' which is one of the accomplishments of the Arab and Kabyle women; but not a very nice process you will think, when I will tell you that it is often prepared by chewing! The pulp is then placed in a perforated dish, and cooked by the steam of an under-dish containing meat, water, vegetables and aromatic herbs, which are afterwards eaten with it. When the mother of the household heard our refusal to partake of this, to us, questionable luxury, she was furious; and as she was a strong, powerful woman, very different in physique to her Moorish sisters, one of our party was thankful to appease the rising wrath by a gift.

The Kabyle children on the mountains are quite untaught in everything but agricul-

WHAT TO DO.

BY MARY FERGUSON.

MY DEAR GIRLS: It may very probably be that many of you, who are not already engaged in some regular business, are looking forward to becoming so engaged, and are thinking, wondering, planning "what to do."

In these days nearly all avenues are open to the strong of heart and the steady of purpose. Women can become what they will if they bring to the task the requisite ability, thoroughness and singleness of purpose.

I know of a lady who after a full and thorough course of study became the most trusted physician within a large circuit, compelling by the thoroughness of her knowledge, her skill and ability the respect of some masculine practitioners, who yielded it reluctantly. She drove about the

a small beginning become a successful florist. Those who have an aptitude for nursing can find noble service in relieving and caring for the suffering. There are now, I think, in all large cities, training schools wherein one can become a skilful and efficient nurse, and be able when qualified to command good wages.

If a girl cooks with great success there is plenty of work in an eating world for the appliance of her vocation. There are those who are handy with their scissors and their needles, and there are "born teachers," and, as with everything else, those who are not born but made.

Teachers have great opportunities for usefulness and helpfulness, for teaching is one of the highest and most important of offices; it is the moulding and training and developing of the minds and characters of human beings.

And there are artists and writers, saleswomen and book-keepers, telegraphers and type-writers, fowl raisers, silk-worm cultivators and farmers—the list is as long as that of the real or fictitious needs and wants that the world knows.

I believe that for the majority of women the chief place of her work and service is to be found in the home. From the home is borne into the world its atmosphere and influence by every member of the home circle. Children there receive the training and the stimulus which render them capable of blessing the world, or the contrary; and daily every member takes with him (or her) into their work and associations the results of the influence about the hearthstone beside which they find rest or unrest, truth or untruth, strength or discouragement. There should be a feeling of consecration attached to all the duties that tend to render the home a beneficent centre, a centre whose inspiration is pure, true and ennobling; the place in which children should grow up into strong, helpful, pure and noble men and women.

Remember it is not so much what we do as how we do it, the spirit and manner in which we do it, that signifies. We may dignify any work in which we may engage, but the work, no matter what it may be, cannot dignify us. Whatever your inclinations may impel, or your circumstances compel you to do, one is not (and often this is fortunate) always free to make a choice—do it bravely, worthily, respecting yourselves and respecting your work. Any work that is necessary is to be respected.

Learn your duties well, perform them faithfully. Keep your consciences clear, your hands clean and busy, your hearts pure and upright, your lives instinct with true womanliness, your eyes clear in the discernment of truth and goodness, raised toward the source of Truth and Good, and no work can degrade, nor any position dishonor you.—*Christian at Work.*

CHOLERA statistics are enforcing temperance doctrine in Italy. It has been proved again, as so often before, that persons habitually given to excess in alcoholic drinks are more exposed than others to the cholera. The number of cases at

Spezia, Naples, Marseilles, etc., has always been greater in the days following the fetes, and among the habitués of the drink shops. This is so evident that at Naples and Genoa the closing of the drink shops has been ordered by the authorities at eight o'clock p. m., to the great satisfaction of the population generally. In the environs of Naples the closing of the drink shops has been ordered on Thursdays and Sundays, in order to avoid the consequences of the excesses known under the name of "ottobrate." So says *Le Temoin*, the "*Echo des vallées vaudoises*."

INDEED, if there had been any better thing and more profitable to man's salvation than suffering, surely Christ would have showed it by work and example.—*Thomas a Kempis.*



STORKS IN ALGIERS.

turo. Once or twice a year, perhaps, the boys may, with their fathers, go to the nearest town to sell their produce, and then are taken to a 'mosque,' the Arab's church. We could tell you much more about these people if we had space, but we must leave the rest, hoping that some day some one among our little readers may feel it in his heart to go and teach these poor Mohammedan children of a Saviour whose love will brighten their lives and homes, and teach them that girls and boys are equally precious in his sight.—*Early Days.*

LIFE will soon be done. Be not weary or disheartened. What are a few years of toil in prospect of the eternal rest?—*Bonar.*

country far and near, night or day, as her services were required. You will, many of you, with quaking hearts realize that the successful occupancy of such a position requires not only physical strength and endurance, but strong nerves and dauntless courage. Were these attributes brought into use in all the circumstances of life, however, they would aid in the better solution and rendering of many of its problems.

In choosing and deciding what to do any strong inclination or especial "gift," accompanied by perseverance and a clear judgment, should receive due consideration; a marked ability would seem to be an indication not lightly or causelessly to be set aside.

A girl who evinces a special ability for the cultivation of flowers might from even

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- A BIBLICAL SEER.

What the solemn presence told,
And who was this man of old,
You who know may now unfold.

1. Shallum.—Neh. iii: 13
2. Ichabod.—I Samuel iv: 21.
3. Forty.—Acts vii: 23.
4. Achsah.—Joshua xv: 16.
5. Rahab.—Hebrews xi: 31.
6. Deborah.—Judges ix: 9.

A-hab	1 Kings xviii. 17.
B-uz	Ruth ii. 5.
Isaac	Gen. xvii. 18.
D-avid	1 Sam. xvii. 23.
E-kanah	1 Sam. i. 8.
I-srael	Gen. xlviii. 2.
N-omi	Ruth ii. 19.
M-oses	Exodus viii. 25.
E-li	1 Sam. iv. 14.

Watch, young people, for the next number of the *Messenger*. Three handsome prizes will be offered for the best set of answers sent in to the Bible Questions from now until next Christmas. Full particulars will be given in the next number.

O dear, I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party at which I "had a good time." Before that I had always hated to go to parties, and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell at whose house it was. But I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding doors ran—for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light. I had been asked to this party, as I supposed, and as I still suppose, by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would not be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five people in the room. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar, and said to myself: "You were a fool to come here where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool, standing by this pillar, with nobody to talk to." At this moment, and as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me, which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words, it would be stated thus: "You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their affairs and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you." In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this. I don't remember in the least what I did, whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures—which for some reason young people think a very poky thing to do, but which I like to do—whether I buttoned some fellow-student who was less at ease than I or whether I talked to some nice old lady who had seen with her own eyes half the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know that, after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I enjoyed staying at home.

As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously; or, as St. Paul puts it, "Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think."

DEAR SIRS,—I received the prize book "Bon Hur," for which I thank you very much. I did not expect it so soon. I am very proud of it. I am a little boy. I was eight years old in November, so no little boy or girl need wait till they are big to earn a book. I go to school and am in the Second Reader; I am busy learning pieces for Sunday and day schools after Christmas. I will try and send you more subscribers.

Any boy or girl can become the possessor of a good book with very little trouble. See our premium list of prizes. Illustrated catalogue supplied with sample copies of the MESSENGER on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,
Witness Office,
Montreal.

The annual deluge of letters at the Montreal *Witness* Office has come again. On Tuesday, January 3rd, no less than 1,161 money letters were received, containing subscriptions for the *Daily Witness*, *Weekly Witness* and *Northern Messenger*. The army of clerks had a merry and a busy time opening them, counting the money, checking the amounts, entering the names and performing the other duties necessary to the despatch of a newspaper. This is a sample of the letters received at the *Witness* Office. It is from Mr. George Parkinson, of Warrington, Man.

"I would just say 'Go on, dear old *Witness*, and may your circulation increase more this season than ever before.' For my own part I feel as though I could not get along very well without the *Witness*' weekly visits, for when, by some hitch or other in mail service we do not get it for a week, as occasionally occurs, we really feel as though we had lost something of importance for the time being. I feel in duty bound to say I feel under great obligations to the *Witness*, and truly grateful for the spiritual helps I have received many times from its perusal, and although, under pressure of circumstances I cannot take as many papers for next year as I have been in the habit of taking, still there are two I feel I cannot justly spare—the *Witness* and the organ of the church of my choice. The *Witness*, as a general family paper, I believe has no superior and very few equals, for it is pre-eminently every person's paper—for old, young and middle-aged. I cannot tell how thankful I am to see from week to week the manner in which strictly temperance principles are advocated and upheld by it, though it has great opposition from traffickers in body and soul destroying "poison," and I firmly believe the strength and standing of the temperance sentiment and principles throughout this Dominion to-day are very greatly owing to the stand taken by the *Witness*, under God. May its voice never be weaker, but gain in strength for the right."

It may be for the benefit of some readers of the *Northern Messenger* who do not take

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